

The Involuntary Vamp

By Mildred K. Barbour

Continued From Yesterday.

CHAPTER XVII.

Near Confession.

"Let's go in," suggested Diana. "It's chilly out here in the arbor."

"Stay here. I'll get you a wrap," said Leigh. "If you go in, somebody'll take you away from me. Good Lord, what nerve those chaps have to ask you to dance when you belong to me!"

Diana's shiver was not entirely from cold.

"Brrr! I thought I heard the clank of chains."

"You bet your life you did!" laughed young Leigh. "I'm not going to have one of those detached wives—the sort that nobody would know to whom she belonged if she didn't ignore one man—the one who happens to be her husband."

"Thus endeth the second lesson," murmured Diana drarily.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing, dear, except that I'm cold."

"I'll get the wrap in one second. Don't run away while I'm gone," Diana shook her head dumbly.

She felt as if she would never again have the ambition to run anywhere. Life was too dark and dreary and hopeless to make any difference where one was or what one did.

She was staring out unseeingly over the lake when the scent of pipe smoke assailed her nostrils. A moment later a small glow appeared in the shrubbery, coming nearer with each second.

Before she was able to distinguish the owner of the pipe, Stephen Dale had wandered into the arbor where she sat in a shadow.

He started slightly at her giggle. "Pardon me," he peered through the gloom. "I didn't know there was anyone here."

He was turning away when Diana spoke banteringly, though her heart was beating to suffocation.

"No, let me go. I don't want to spoil a rendezvous."

"Diana," he turned back instantly. "What are you doing here all alone?"

"Well, I haven't been alone very long. Alex's been out here making love to me," she added audaciously.

Dale made no reply, but came and sat beside her.

"There's nothing very dreadful about that," she said. "Diana, I'm inquired, trying to hide her queer breathlessness at his proximity.

"When I think of the number of times I've vanished from dances with other people's husbands, I am amused at my own decorum tonight."

Dale made a slight gesture. "Don't try to be cynical, Di. That's not your sweet self at all."

"He compliments me!" she laughed nervously. "Do you know, Steve, that's the first nice thing you ever said to me?"

She was painfully conscious that she was being flattered, but she was ridden by the fear that somehow

THE GUMPS—The Skids for Mrs. Zander

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A Full Page of "The Gumps," in Four Colors, in the Comic Section of The Sunday Herald.

some reference would be made to that hour in the drawing room the previous afternoon.

Dale crossed one ankle over his white-knuckled knee and rested his elbow on it. He did not look at Diana but puffed away at his pipe.

"I never felt that you lacked for compliments, Di. It seemed to me that your young head would be quite turned by the admiring swains."

"And yet only last week I heard you telling Marjorie that she was the handsomest woman at the Van Tynes' dance. As if she hadn't been told it scores of times!"

"Marjorie has reached the age when she appreciates masculine reassurance of her mirror's veracity."

Diana laughed with the intolerance of youth.

"Poor Marjorie, she dreads getting old! Do you notice that she talks about it so much lately. That comes of not marrying! I'm glad I've acquired a husband—now I can stop worrying about spinsterhood and think about really interesting things the rest of my life."

Dale regarded her gravely.

"You don't mean by that—you surely didn't marry for that reason."

Diana caught her breath before answering, then she said airily: "Oh, dear no, I married—I married—"

Her control deserted her. She floundered, came to a stop and sprang up, bent upon flight.

But Dale's tall figure barred the entrance.

He caught her by each arm.

"Yes, Di?" he said quietly. "Why did you marry?"

"Quick! sprang to her eyes. "You have no right to ask me. I hate you, I—"

Another figure darkened the doorway of the arbor.

"What's this, Diana?" demanded Alex Leigh's furious young voice. "What's he done to you?"

To be Continued Tomorrow.

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

By ROY K. MOULTON.

ON THE SCREEN.

Some likes Mary.

Some likes Theod.

Some likes Melham.

Some likes Reid.

Some likes Pauline.

Some likes Doug.

But me, I go.

Just to see 'em hug.

—Andy.

GRANDMA IS A HUSTLER.

A Charlotte, Mich., exchange tells the following story of Grandma Coffey:

Grandma Coffey, the popular second baseman of the Charlotte team, who was suspended from the last Eaton Rapids game for slugging the umpire, has been reinstated and will appear in tomorrow's game. In batting and fielding, Grandma leads the league. If all players were as careful about their habits as Grandma, they would always be in good condition. She is very moderate in the use of liquor and tobacco and does not run around nights and, by the way, she celebrates her 89th birthday tomorrow.

Mr. Carroll will present her with a beautiful floral horseshoe when she comes to bat in the first inning. Success to you, Grandma.

"Pity the poor chorus girls," says one magazine article. Don't know any poor ones.

Mr. Edison says overeating will shorten a person's life. Some of the restaurant patrons in this city should live forever.

He was a distinguished little old man and gave the impression that he was a statesman. Where was

he going? Perhaps to some meeting at the Bar Association where prominent lawyers were going to decide an important legal question. Perhaps to some meeting of bankers who were going to discuss the present situation. People got out of his way instinctively as he walked along the sidewalk. He really must be some personage of importance.

His face showed that he was a man who had spent his life in thought. Quiet, refined and aristocratic looking, he walked on.

I followed him. Yes, I followed him right into the theater where he was going. It was a musical comedy and there was a chorus of pretty girls. He had a seat in the front row. The little rascal liked the girls.

SOME PUMPKINS.

That real pumpkins are grown in Michigan is proven by the following item in the Hartford "Day Spring":

"We drove out to Hank Martin's pumpkin patch one of those hot mornings. We found the pumpkins of the old fashioned variety; walked round a couple of them, then sat down in the shade of the smallest one and rested a few minutes and got back home about noon. We had a hundred-foot tape measure in our pocket, but of course could get no use out of it. The pumpkins were larger at the further end of the patch. He contemplates pumpkin pies knee deep this winter."

It may be well to search some of those disarmament delegates from foreign parts before they go into the building.

"Achievement is the only patent of nobility in the modern world."—Ex-President Woodrow Wilson.

Horoscope For Today

What the Stars Indicate

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1921.

The Sun dominates this day in benefic rule, according to astrology. Uranus is strongly adverse.

It is a time in which to seek the approbation and assistance of those who occupy places in the Sun, for the way is believed to be opened to sympathy and encouragement.

All who aspire to political appointments or to positions dependent upon the will of a person in authority will do well to improve each shining moment today.

There is a sign read as indicating that men are to enjoy in the next four years the final monopoly of political power and that they will be more insistent on retaining all their old perquisites than they have been in the past.

The planetary influences during this rule of the stars is held to be inspiring and stimulating, making for confidence and optimism.

It is considered most fortunate to bestow honors or gifts when the Sun smiles on the coronation and today's presents are supposed to bring special blessings.

Uranus bodes ill for the serenity of the human mind, which at this time is likely to be extremely sensitive to evil impressions of every sort.

Crimes involving persons of education are likely to increase under the direction of the stars.

The king of Norway is likely to suffer many anxieties at this time, owing to the fact that the conjunction of Mars and Saturn fell on his rustic Sun.

The opposition of Uranus and Mars threatens unusual weather conditions in the Middle States. High winds may be frequent during the next few weeks.

Discontent among workers of various trades is likely to increase as the winter advances, the seers predict.

Many deaths by suicide are indicated for the coming winter.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of a happy, successful year, but they should keep on in routine affairs.

Children born on this day may be inclined to change an occupation, but they probably will have the power to succeed. They are likely to be strong and comely.

The Daily Novelette.

All for a Meal.

The rough-looking man, unshaven, unkempt, took a seat in the middle of Hash's restaurant.

After a first course of roughneck claims he asked through a bowl of lemming soup, consumed four roasted squibs on toast, with side dishes of boiled snicker, sprouts, stewed snapper, and sniffling gum fritters smothered in snaffles, washing the whole down with a pint of coffee. Obviously he hadn't eaten for a week and just as obviously, he wouldn't have to eat for another week.

Nobody there fasted as he had feasted. Nobody there had the price and neither did—but that is another story.

With loud cough, the rough-looking customer was about to pay his bill at the desk, when the strains of a lovely mouth organ burst through the windows and a male voice sang sweetly, tenderly: "Come to me—come to me—come to me—come to me—"

Slowly, the rough-looking customer arose as though in a trance. With arms outstretched he walked forward, dreamily, his eyes staring straight ahead, unseeing. It was uncanny.

Tensely, the waiters and diners watched him as he slowly wended his way toward the door, obeying the command of an unseen force, obeying the summons of that unseen voice, "Come to me, come to me, come to me, come to me."

Rightly, they sat, watching, watching, gripping their chairs and tables, every nerve strained as they awaited the unfolding of this mighty human drama.

And then they saw him glide out the door; instantly the magic voice ceased.

But they never saw him scot around the corner with his singing palm on their way to the next restaurant outside of which he would do the singing.

MEDICAL SOCIETY BILL ORDERED OUT

The Senate Judiciary Committee ordered a favorable report yesterday on the France bill amending an act providing for incorporation of the Medical Society of the District of Columbia. The amendment reads:

"That Dr. George Wythe Cook, William Gerry Morgan, John B. Nichols, William P. Carr, E. Y. Davidson, Philip S. Roy, A. L. Stavely, Henry C. Macatee, E. G. Sibert, J. Russell Verbruyck, Jr., A. W. Boswell, Charles S. White, J. A. Gannon, D. S. Lamb

and Virgil B. Jackson and such other persons as they may associate with themselves constitute a body corporate of the District of Columbia for promoting and disseminating medical and surgical knowledge and for no other purpose."

Mrs. Mary Childress Dies.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Oct. 25.—Mrs. Mary N. Childress, aged 94, died here late Sunday night at the home of her son, W. C. Childress, following a brief illness. She had been living here nineteen months with her son. The body was taken to Phoenix.

Morning Judge! Court Echoes

by Rudolph Perkins



PANCAKES ARE HARD ON TEMPER ANYHOW.

One day John Parks went to the kitchen of his home in the absence of his wife, Esther, and cooked a batch of pancakes.

He left all the utensils unwashed, Esther said, and made the kitchen look as if a cyclone had hit it.

She asked him, Esther claimed, please to clean up the mess. He refused and then she told him that no man had any business messing in a kitchen. This peeved John right much.

He, it was testified, ordered Esther to pack her duds and go home to her ma. Esther stood pat and refused to budge. Then, Esther claimed, John picked up the griddle and threatened to brain her with it. She got a warrant.

"I'm afraid of that man, Judge," the woman said. "He is as apt to kill me in my sleep as not."

"That woman don't stay home long enough at a time to let me get a crack at her," John explained. "That's how I come to be in the kitchen making myself some flapjacks. No danger of me hurting her."

"Very well then," said the court. "I'll take your personal bonds. Try to live peaceably hereafter."

The Boys' Daily Herald

Price Free With The Big Herald WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1921. Copyright 1921.

Scouts to Pay Tribute to Late Col. Roosevelt

In many cities of the country special Boy Scout demonstrations are being held in connection with the anniversary of the birth of Theodore Roosevelt tomorrow. An appropriate observance of the occasion would be for each troop in Washington to arrange special exercises for the meeting night of their troop falling nearest to October 27, with four or more Scouts to give three-minute talks on Roosevelt; and the senior patrol leader be designated to read before the troop the remarkable testimony to Roosevelt's character drafted by Herman Hagedorn and adopted by the National Council, Boy Scouts of America, as their tribute following Roosevelt's death. Copies of that testimony have been printed again and again, and may also be found in the Scoutmaster's Handbook. Every Boy Scout troop should observe in some way the birthday anniversary of that great friend of the movement, until the time shall come when his birthday will be a new national holiday.

Indoor Magic.

Take up a deck of cards. Have a friend choose one and look at it. When he puts it back into the pack, which you still hold, allow the card to project a little so you may see where it is and bring it to the top of the deck when you shuffle it again.

Shuffle the cards for the second time. Hold the deck in the palm of your left hand with your right. Bend the cards inward so the muscles of your left hand grasp the top card. This is called "palming." Then give the cards, with the exception of the one palmed, to your friend. All the while you must keep the palmed card carefully concealed and hold your left hand as naturally as possible.

"Now the deck into the air," you say. Your friend does so. You make a grab into the air, bringing the palmed card into your fingers. You appear to be watching it out of the air.

"This is your card, isn't it?" you ask, and your friend, much mystified, admits it.

A Consequence.

North—"Has Marjorie any education along musical lines?"

West—"I should say so! Name any record, and she can tell you what's on the other side!"

Unlabeled, Too.

"Arry Awkins (just over)—"One is it the sky is so much clearer in New York than it is in Lunnon!"

Night Hawk—"Oh, we have skyscrapers here."

John had a lot of bantam hens.

What to do with these small bantam eggs caused a great amount of debate and discussion.

John's mother used a great many, but the little bantams were wonderful egg producers, and John found himself with ten dozen eggs on hand.

"Seems funny to me that you cannot figure out some way for me to get rid of these eggs," John said to his father.

"Guess you could sell them for half price," said John's father. "Why not take them to the grocery and try?"

John packed his eggs in a basket and covering them over with a cloth he proceeded to the grocery store.

"You act as if you are ashamed of your small eggs," said John's father with amusement.

That evening John did not mention eggs, but his father brought up the egg marketing business.

"Well, did you get half price for your bantam eggs?" asked the father.

"Oh, I got full price," replied John.

"How did you work it?"

"Well, you see my eggs were covered up. I went in the store and asked Mr. Peters what he was paying for eggs, and that I had ten dozen to sell."

"He told me he was paying 25 cents per dozen. Then I went over to where a big basket was full of eggs he had just bought, and picking out the biggest one, I asked him if he didn't pay more for a lot of big eggs than he did for the smaller ones, and then I picked out the smallest egg in the basket and held it up before Mr. Peters by the side of the big egg."

"No, we don't buy eggs by size, but by the dozen," he said.

"What?" I said, as if I was surprised, "do you mean to tell me that if I brought in ten dozen eggs all big like this one you wouldn't give me more money?"

"Why, of course not! Who ever heard of eggs selling by the size! Eggs are eggs, even big or little," he said.

"All right; I have ten dozen little eggs," I said, and Mr. Peters was surprised when I pulled the cloth off of my bantam eggs. He looked at me and then without saying anything paid me the regular price and told me to make my hens lay larger eggs next time."

"Who suggested that you do this?" John's father remarked.

Then John replied, and his reply explains what a great many boys understand and what a great many fathers and mothers misunderstand.

"Just because I am a boy and smaller than you are and so very much younger, you treat me always like you do little bantam eggs. But I can think out things as well as you can, and sometimes better, for you couldn't think of any way to help me with my little eggs."

When boys understand anything which they can accomplish they are able to devise plans and conduct enterprises which will assist them in carrying to a conclusion that which they undertake or for which they assume responsibility as truly as man can do.

Because they use different methods than men, these grown-ups, with a desire to help, begin to advise and instruct and criticize until many times failure comes to the boy because he had endeavored to conduct a boy's enterprise with adult ideas.

I feel sorry for the boy who has not some possession or is not doing something divorced entirely from adult supervision and advice.

The boy who assumes responsibility should be permitted to succeed or fail on his own resources.

John, with his eggs, succeeded.

Permit boys to solve their own problems.

High School Football Schedule.

Oct. 28—Tech vs. Central.

Nov. 1—Western vs. Eastern.

Nov. 4—Business vs. Central.

Nov. 8—Eastern vs. Tech.

Nov. 15—Business vs. Tech.

Reorganization Of Cadet Corps Is Completed

Under the reorganization of the cadet corps, which provides for a third regiment and makes an entire brigade, the battalion will come to the fore as an important unit. The competitive drill, which has in the past included only the company units as contestants, will this year extend over the space of three days. The first two will, as previously, be consumed with company drill; the third will be reserved for a battalion competition and the final announcement of the successful organizations.

The battalions will drill under prescribed regulations, copies of which will be issued to battalion commanders before taking the field. These orders will be practically identical (with adaptation to the battalion) with the company orders.

The battalion commander whose unit is judged the best in the brigade will receive a medal; his battalion will receive a flag similar to the one now in use in company competition. These awards and the honors attached to the commander, to the unit, and to the school, should prove a great incentive toward increasing the efficiency of the battalions as units.

The plan described above will recognize the importance of the battalion and will greatly increase the duties of the majors, who will be entirely responsible for the training not only of their battalions as battalions, but of the several company units contained in their commands. In the three smaller schools the battalion commanders will be in charge of the administration of their units, reporting, of course, to the next higher field officer.

It is also expected that the several battalions of the brigade will give dances, as is now the custom with the companies. Regimental and brigade dances will likewise mark the social activity of the corps.

Museum Tours.

In connection with officials of the Smithsonian Institution, a series of personally conducted scout tours of the National Museum is being arranged. Scouts will be shown through different sections with an expert to explain the exhibits of a certain department. Watch for an early announcement.

High School Football Schedule.

Oct. 28—Tech vs. Central.

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NOVELTY-TRIMMED SILK PETTICOATS, with deep pleated flounces, some rather plain, others with ribbon and other novelty trimmings. \$6.75 to \$12.

RADIUM AND FLORISWAH PETTICOATS, handsome models in varied colors—with pleated flounces or finished with cluster of pleated ruffles. \$7.50 to \$12.

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Petticoat Section, Third Floor.